MOTHER EARTH

VOL. X. MAY, 1915 No. 3

BILLY SUNDAY TANGO

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MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. X **MAY, 1915** **No. 3**

A PRAYER*

By Dr. Ben L. Reitman.

Oh, Mr. God, the God of Billy Sunday, the German Emperor, Moody and Sankey, King George, Jonathan Edwards and the Russian Czar, if you are really on the square and live way up there in the skies; if you are not a bluffer and if you have a little power, won't you please, sir, for the love of brother Jesus and the deacons in the churches do something to help the poor working people of Paterson?

Oh, dear Mr. God, if Billy Sunday is right and you know everything and you do care a little, please make the bosses in the silk mills kinder to the workingmen; touch their hearts so that they will shorten the hours and raise the pay of the workers; fix it so that the owners of the mills will send the old women and the young children out of the factories and replace them with some of the able-bodied men who are looking for work.

Oh, dear Mr. God, please, dear Mr. God! Won't you do something to stop this war and prevent the workingmen from getting shot to pieces? Ain't you got enough sense and power to show all the amunition manufacturers that it's wicked to sell bullets and cannon to European

* Read at an anti-religious meeting in Paterson.

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nations which will result in breaking your commandments?

Please, Mr. God, if you don't mind and if it ain't too much trouble, would you just as soon strike dead all the kings and diplomats and capitalists who are prolonging this war for the benefit of their own power and gain?

Dear, Mr. God, you sent your very lovely son into the world to save it, but he didn't do very well. Men and women have been fourflushing and saying they believed in him, but everything in their lives has shown that they didn't care any more about him than they did about Mohammed, Socrates, or Proudhon.

Now, Mr. God, I don't want to make you tired by asking too much. Some of us who do not want to meet you face to face and walk on the golden streets want to get the full product of our labor. We want to build a world where we can live in beauty, harmony and freedom. If you can help us, Mr. God, we will be much obliged and if you don't we will help ourselves and you can devote more of your time to Billy Sunday. Amen!

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THIS year May Day is a shame and irony. Hailed with enthusiasm at its birth—26 years ago—as the day of the international proletariat, of universal brotherhood and solidarity, May Day, 1915, witnesses international carnage. There is no brotherhood. Over the border-lines blind hatred and monstrous stupidity spit forth their venom. The tumult of the battle fronts, hundreds of miles long, the hellish whizzing of the cannon make the feeble protests of humanity inaudible, and the solidarity of nations and peoples is expressed in the feverish manufacture of ammunition. The making of instruments to cripple and to kill and the speculation in human necessities are the only industries that enjoy prosperity.

What becomes of the international movement of workingmen's solidarity all over the world, that it now wallows in shame, corruption and blood? Was it only a dream of dope fiends? Or a living programme of sneaky politicians to further their own ends?

These questions arise on May Day, 1915. They must

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be answered in the near future, lest such universal slaughter may take humanity again and again by surprise; may find it ignorant, weak, confused, relying on rulers, cabinets, politicians, parties, who count only the gains that will result from the bloodshed and ignorance of the masses.

* * *

THE trial of our friends, Matt A. Schmidt and David Caplan has been set for September 1st. Four months more of waiting for the day when Judas service rendered the Merchants and Manufacturers and their tools shall be brought to a final close. Whether Matt and David will be added to the list of victims of the enemies of labor, or whether they shall go free depends not so much on the M. & M. as on the workers throughout the land. We have already reported the splendid stand of Organized Labor in California. But what about the rest of the country and what about the revolutionary factions everywhere?

A legal defense is all well and good, but the thing that counts is the solid front of all rebels in and out of the labor movement, especially the propaganda and publicity such a concerted support would mean. Let us not wait too long. Now is the time to rally to the support of the two bravest rebels American labor has produced in a decade.

Matt. A. Schmidt and David Caplan were in court at Los Angeles Tuesday while testimony was taken and arguments heard on the validity of the indictments. Former District Attorney John D. Fredericks was present as one of the witnesses for the State.

The rather sensational incident which took place between the former district attorney and Schmidt is related in this manner by a Los Angeles morning paper:

"Perhaps you want to shake hands with Capt. Fredericks," suggested Attorney Davis, who was in an amiable mood.

Schmidt, however, resented the suggestion. A flush flashed across his temples and his fists clenched.

Schmidt stepped back.

"I shake hands only with men—not scoundrels," Schmidt said.

* * *

THE European conflagration has shattered more than one hope in the progress and advancement of our century. Men and women, who have for years espoused modern and revolutionary ideas, are now obsessed by the

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superstitions of patriotism, culture, national integrity and what not. Even the old Jew, as Schopenhauer called Jehovah, is back on his throne, wielding his bloodstained scepter in the same relentless and cruel spirit as of yore.

With all that was gained for progress for the past fifty years buried in the trenches of the warring countries, no one need be surprised at the reaction that is swaying America. From one end of the country to another, moral cant and religious hypocrisy are at work, undermining whatever personal liberty and intellectual clarity we could ever boast of, until one feels taken back to the days of the Puritan Fathers, and their famous Blue laws. Especially is this true, if one listens to the coarse, ignorant ravings of one Billy Sunday, who is so utterly bereft even of ordinary emotions and sincerity as to make the very Gods whose cause he pleads weep with shame.

Religious hysteria is very old. Zola gives a wonderful description of it in "Lourdes." And Andreyev in "Savva" shows to what crimes religious obsession can lead, once the emotions of the mob have been aroused. But the revivalist prize fighter, Billy Sunday, is not guilty of sufficient religious passion to create hysteria. His revival methods are of the kind the bullies use who are employed by clothiers to beguile and pull customers into the store and then stick them with some motheaten article for double the ordinary price.

Here are some choice bits of Billy Sunday's arguments in behalf of religion. "Medicine is poison, yet you will take it, if you wish to get well. Why do you do it? Because you have faith in your Doctor. The same is true of religion. You can not question or analyse or prove it. You must take it on faith. It is the only way to get saved." Billy's limited mind could not see the truth in his own comparison, that religion like medicine is a poison, indeed a more insidious poison, which creates mental atrophy.

But even this does not account for Billy Sunday's success. There are other reasons, perhaps more disastrous to the masses than the religious poison. Billy Sunday is the mouthpiece of the Church, the Press and the money interests of every city he visits. His job is to make the workers content and satisfied with their misery, as that is the only safety valve against rebellion, which

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the powers that be fear even more than Billy's hell. Hence their interest and support of Billy Sunday. How terrifying must King Hunger be to the rulers of the Earth, if they avail themselves of such a frothing, howling huckster like Billy.

Such as he can not stem the tide which is rushing on ever more menacing, ever more violent, rushing over every obstacle, the Billy Sundays included, towards its final goal—the liberation of man from the power of religious darkness and social slavery.

* * *

HOW truly morality, like woman's dress, is subject to change, has never been demonstrated with greater force than now. But yesterday private property, human life, international treaties, and above all, woman's virtue and the legitimacy of the child were proclaimed the sacred foundations of society.

But the European hurricane has swept all this off the earth as so much rubbish. Today the mousziks of the Russian Czar burn Prussian villages, and Prussian soldiers devastate Belgium, while Poles and Russians hound Jews, without much sincere protest from anyone. It is conceded that all means are justifiable in love and war.

Even the loudest apologists of that timeworn slogan would have resented the idea that love and war would ever justify widespread illegitimacy, yet here we have an ultra conservative paper, like the London *Morning Post* open its columns for a Mr. McNeill, who has this to say about the war babies:

"It may not yet be generally known, but a good many people are aware of the fact, that all over the country in districts where large masses of troops have been quartered, a great number of unmarried girls will become mothers within a few weeks from the present time. I have information of one county borough, which is said not to be exceptional, where there are more than 2,000 young women and girls in this condition. The total number of illegitimate children shortly to be born is very many thousands, not a few of the prospective mothers being little more than children themselves.

"Now, these facts open up a prospect which, unhappy under any circumstances, will be nothing short of disastrous unless men of authority in church and State re-

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solve without delay to prepare for it and to handle it with all the wisdom, courage, and boldness they can command. It is just such a problem as the British public is prone to hide away and to say and think as little about as possible. But to ignore or conceal the truth would be moral cowardice of the deepest dye. To allow events to take their own course, without recognizing an imperative public duty toward the young unmarried mothers and their offspring, would be a national crime."

* * *

THE twenty thousand prospective English mothers may console themselves with the ennobling thought that they were impregnated by their own country men. Heaven only knows what Mr. McNeill would say had the German "barbarians" committed that very human act. Which seems to be the situation in Belgium and France, as well as in Germany, and what is more, the pious and righteous will have to meet the issue.

Thus illegitimacy, the one time terror of the stricken girl, or woman, is about to be raised to an honorable position. Moralities, like Fashions, doth change.

* * *

LUCIA AMES MEAD, Secretary of the Woman's Peace Party, writing in the *New York Times* of April 23rd, calls the International Woman's Peace Congress "a great moral venture." Like all advocates of peace between nations, Mrs. Mead is not in the least concerned about Industrial Peace. Far from it. She adheres to the statement of the Woman's Peace Party, which is: "We urge our Government to call a conference of the neutral nations to discuss possible measures to lessen their own injuries, to hasten the cessation of hostilities, and to prevent warfare in future."

Therein lies the utter futility of the work of the Woman's Peace Party, as well as Mrs. Mead. They persist in a sentimental plea to the very forces that make for war, in behalf of peace. Surely they must know that wars, unlike marriages, are not made in Heaven, that they are the inevitable results of material supremacy, maintained by military powers? Is it not the height of folly "to urge our Governments, etc?" Why, it is like suing the Devil at his grandmother's Court.

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The only powers that can stop wars are the workers, by means of their international brotherhood and their awakened solidarity. Neither the Woman's Peace Party nor Mrs. Mead would admit this. That is why they are so ineffective, that is why they will not be listened to.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, the workers themselves are not yet aware of their power, where they had barely been aroused from their age long sleep they have again fallen into the sweet smelling hasheesh of their leaders.

In America, the Anarchists, from the time of Albert Parsons and his comrades have been like a voice in the wilderness, crying to deaf ears in behalf of a general strike, as the only check on war.

Now when the Moloch of militarism is stalking through Europe devastating, maiming, and killing, the American workers through their most conservative body, the American Federation of Labor, is making a lame effort in behalf of the very thing we Anarchists proclaimed so long. At a public meeting in Cooper Union, April 15th, the labor lights urged that twenty million workers should strike in behalf of peace.

Better late than never. If only our labor leaders were sincere! But they are not, else they would admit that an International General Strike is as absurd as the Woman's Peace Party, as long as national restrictions, factional conflicts and petty jealousies exist among the workers within the A. F. of L.

However, the very appeal to the workers to muster up twenty millions in a general strike for peace, is already a step in the only direction where peace might be established. After all, Anarchism is marching on.

REAL MEN AND WOMEN

BY MORRISON I. SWIFT

OUT of the soot-heap of a nation sunk in greed;
Out of the hell-swamp of a people in black need,
The cry goes up for men of brains with will of steel,
Who are not sheep, who follow not, who stand alone, who lead.

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LEGENDIZING THE MARTYRS OF REVOLUTION

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

OUR neighbor, the *New York Post,* in its reckless youth, in 1801, began its career with the following bold proclamation:

> The design of this paper is to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects, to inculcate just principles in religion, morals, and politics; and to cultivate a taste for sound literature.—*Prospectus of the Evening Post, No. 1, November 16, 1801.*

Since then the *Post* must have found out that honesty is a poor policy, if one is to keep in line. True, she still clings to her maidenly virtue, which is indeed stale with age, hence woefully afraid of the light.

In its editorial of March 31st, apropos of the bomb frameup at St. Patrick's Cathedral, the *Post* was led to say:

> Assistant District Attorney Train's story of the way in which the Anarchist bomb-plotters were trapped is of great public interest. In cases of this kind, myths have a way of getting fixed in the public mind at an early stage, and growing to larger dimensions as time goes on. Most astonishing notions have wide currency in regard to the Chicago Anarchists who were executed as accessories to the Haymarket outrage of 1886, by which a number of policemen lost their lives; they have been legendized almost into idealist dreamers, whereas they were preaching, and instigating, and some of them directly partaking in preparations for, precisely the murderous outrage which was actually committed in this instance.

Unless the editor is ignorant of the historic facts relating to the legal murder of the Chicago Anarchists, he is a distorter of the truth, which is even less excusable than ignorance, for one whose paper claims to stand for correct knowledge, etc.

In either event, I call its attention, the attention of the *Post,* to the reason given by Governor Altgeld for the pardon of Schwab, Fielden and Neebe. And if that will not convince, to the speeches and letters of such eminent men as General Trumble, Ben Butler, Col. Swinton and scores of others. These men were not Anarchists, therefore, not given to legendizing the Chicago Anarchists, but they were men of knowledge and honesty, both of which the scribe on the *Post* is not. Therefore, they

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openly proclaimed the innocence of the victims, who died such an heroic death. That Parsons, Spies and their comrades were deliberately murdered is no longer a legend. It is a fact. Equally so is it written with letters of fire in the book of time that their murderers were not only a bought jury and court, but even more so a prostituted press, which delivered our comrades into the hangman's hands. The same bloodthirsty, howling press, which, now, like the *Post*, helps in the case of Abarno and Carbone.

At the legal farce called a trial of these two latest victims of our corrupt and cowardly police, not the defense, but the prosecution brought out the fact that Polignani, the agent procovateur, was the instigator, the conspirator, the conniver, and final executor of the Cathedral bomb. Yet when the jury, after hours of deliberation, called upon the Judge for instruction as to whether or not Polignani was as guilty as Abarno or Carbone, they were informed than an officer may commit any crime, so long as he does it out of duty he can not be held responsible. With Judge Nott's decision in behalf of Polignani, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Train was sustained in his eulogy of the provocateur as the Savior of the city of New York.

In the face of this harrowing outrage will the *Post* again have the temerity of accusing the Anarchists of legendizing their comrades as dreamers? Knowing as we do the criminal methods of the police, the coldblooded injustice of the courts and the craven dishonesty of the press, we are not surprised at the "mercy and justice" of Judge Nott in giving the two Italian boys not less than six and not more than twelve years. We knew all along that foreigners and poor boys, have not a shadow of a chance to escape the snare laid for them by the agent provocateur. But we mean to din into the dull ears of the *Post* and its kind not the legend, but the fact, that in a democracy the agent provocateur (Train has declared that two or three have been placed in each organization) has been duly accepted, sustained, rewarded and acclaimed as the champion of right and justice.

The Polignanis are an admission of the utter helplessness on the part of money and power to meet the ever-growing unrest. European countries have tried the agent

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provocateur, but have found him caught like a rat in his trap. If such should be the fate of the Polignanis, let not the *Post* and its colleagues, let not Judge Nott, or Assistant District Attorney Train seek for the cause or the guilt among the Anarchists, but in the Police Department, the cradle of the Polignanis.

The case of Abarno and Carbone is to be appealed. I confess I have as little faith in the outcome of the appeal as I had in the trial. Above all do I refuse to believe that anything can be gained by a denial of one's ideas and principles. This is a lamentable tendency in all labor trials in America, which, by the way, has never helped the victims.

Why not try other methods? Why not go into court with head erect? Why not throw it defiantly into the teeth of our enemies, "Yes, we are rebels. We are Anarchists. We are waging war against your system, your courts, your wrongs. We will not be daunted. We will not compromise. What are you going to do about it?"

This may net us a few additional years of imprisonment, but at least it will teach our enemies to fear and respect us, and that is the only thing which counts.

THE UNEMPLOYED

By James Peter Warbasse

UNEMPLOYMENT is not an integral thing that can be held in the hand and subjected to criticism. It is one of the many expressions of a social malady. Even the thing that is commonly called by that name, is but a small part of the problem of unemployment. While the unemployed were shivering with cold during the winter, Sunday supplements, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, regaled the public with pictures of the unemployed at Palm Beach and other balmy resorts, dancing, playing at golf, disporting themselves upon the warm sands of the shore, eating, drinking, and stretching their languid limbs.

These represent an army of unemployed who require to be clothed, fed, housed, entertained, and conveyed hither and thither in trains, automobiles and yachts. Somebody must perform these services for them. Men,

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who are compelled to live blank and unlovely lives, go down into the caverns of the earth and dig coals to keep them warm. Pale women and lean children, bereft of gladness, toil long hours to provide fabrics to clothe them. The patient oyster sacrifices its life to yield a gem for their adornment.

The existence of this voluntary unemployed class makes it necessary that another greater class shall be robbed of the products of their toil. In the struggle within this robbed, working class, to sell its labor, we find what we should expect—involuntary unemployment.

All this is in conformity with the statute law of the land. The state bestows upon it its blessing, and jealously protects it with its guardianship.

In Europe are seven million unemployed, living in trenches like swine, their bodies filthy and unwashed, hunting their fellow-men with murderous intent, led like sheep by that monstrous thing we call the State, cajoled into becoming murderers to keep alive a cruel master whose slaves they are. How appropriate is the skin of the sheep with which they cover their bodies as they follow one another to the slaughter.

And our own little band of 500,000 unemployed here in New York—who are they? They are men and women who actually want to do productive work. They want to do it so badly that they will lend themselves to the unspeakable scab wages of the Mayor's Committee—*ten cents an hour*. They want to go back into the industries and work the long hours, under brutalizing conditions, with little joy, art, or culture in it, for the bare reward of a poor animal existence. We should marvel that there are so few unemployed.

There is one ray of hope in the whole horrible business. It shines forth in the light of the eye of that rare man or woman who says: "I refuse your dirty terms. I will not submit my body to the pollution of your unholy industries. I will not lend myself to the immorality of being an accomplice in a social scheme for robbing the workers to maintain a parasite class to suck their lives. If my labor—my very soul—can express itself in no more holy way than to be sold as a gambler's commodity, I refuse to stultify it. If I must go down, beaten

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and destroyed, it shall be in my own way, not in your way, for which I have only contempt."

We should marvel that men and women, like sheep, so patiently go to the slaughter. We should marvel that the army of the unemployed is so pitifully small.

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STRAY THOUGHTS BY THE ROADSIDE

AND now I am in Los Angeles. Here again, as throughout my lecture tour, my attention has been forcibly drawn to the peculiar attitude of comrades and radicals in general to the "new" lecturer. As such, I am an unknown quantity to them. I have never been west of Chicago before. Some have read my "Prison Memoirs" and MOTHER EARTH articles; others have swallowed whole the stuff newspapers have written about me. But in almost all of them I found, at our first acquaintance, a certain aloofness mixed with evident anxiety—a vague fear that the terrible Anarchist ex-convict might prove uncongenial and unapproachable as a man, and an inadequate interpreter of Anarchism on the platform. Some of our best comrades—as Frank Monroe and John Spies, of Denver, for instance—have frankly confessed to me this fear, after more intimate acquaintance with me has entirely dispelled their apprehensions. It is so hard to live up to one's newspaper reputation, you know—and now Frank and John are my most devoted friends.

In every city west of Chicago I was confronted by this attitude. It required close contact, the personal equation, and one or two lectures to win my place in the affections of our comrades and the appreciation of my audiences.

The ice has been broken. But what caused the ice?

* * *

The audiences in St. Louis were intelligent and sympathetic; the hospitality of closer comrades and friends generous and heartfelt. And though my audiences were small, I greatly enjoyed my stay in that city, especially because of the interest aroused in Modern Education. There is a large proletarian and intellectual element in St. Louis that is ripe, if properly directed, to interpret

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modern thought and tendencies into their personal and social life. St. Louis deserves a libertarian Day School for children, and I hope that you local friends will not fail to widen and crystalize the interest manifested during my presence in the establishment of such a school.

My pleasant experiences in St. Louis were duplicated, and even enhanced in Denver. My audiences, after one or two meetings, warmed up to me in appreciative understanding and developed the atmosphere necessary for sympathetic contact between speaker and audience. Indeed, so much so, that instead of allowing me to depart after my series of four lectures, they insisted upon another series. Because of this, and of the warm-hearted hospitality and beloved friends I have found there, my stay in the city was extended far beyond my original plans. I gave about a dozen lectures, closing my visit with a large international commune celebration, on March 18th,—a most fitting tribute to the revolutionary past that inspired the present. The big meeting was held under the auspices of the Liberal League, with our good friend and comrade M. Spanier as its most active member.

It would take up too much space to enumerate the splendid bunch that I found in Denver, strongly as I am tempted to do it. But in silence my heart goes out to them and I hope for a speedy *Auf Wiedersehn!*

* * *

From Denver I made an *Abstecher* to Colorado Springs, nestling in a most beautiful valley hugged by towering mountains. By invitation of Mr. I. Polant I addressed a large gathering of the Socialist Local on the problem of whether violence is justified in the labor struggle. I understand that it was the first time in the history of the city that an Anarchist lectured in Colorado Springs. I am sure that my very appearance convinced the audience that, far from having horns, according to popular conception, a revolutionary Anarchist may not even boast of any hair.

Colorado, with its huge, imposing mountains, their snow-capped peaks veiled with grayish green clouds, has impressed me deeply. The canyons and cascades, the gorges and mesas are beautiful, grand, the Garden of the Gods with its fantastic rock formations full of splendor

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and distinction. But the massive rock and towering mountains soon grow more massive and towering, cast a spell of cold and isolation, make you feel the chill and heartlessness of nature. The cold, imposing beauty of the Rockies grows monotonous, oppressive, depressing.....And in the distance Cripple Creek, Trinidad, Ludlow casting reddish black blotches on the blue horizon, the reflex and symbol of the workers' blood shed on the soil of Colorado.

This was my subject when a friend invited me to have lunch with him at the very exclusive club of the Denver male aristocracy of the Golden Calf, the Cactus Club. And when they asked me to address them, I spoke of the causes of the war in Europe and of unemployment in America. I told them of the meaning of productive labor, of the exploitation of the workers, of the parasitism of the assembled presidents, vice-presidents and secretaries of this and that corporation. And as I was saying to them—"Labor has produced all your wealth; you have been busy robbing the workers of their product. You, the exploiters and parasites, live in luxury; they, the actual producers, are on the verge of starvation. And when they demand a better chance, a little more bread for their families, you send your gunmen and militia to shoot them down. Is there any one here, gentlemen, with an ounce of intelligence, who can't see that that is murder, just common, ordinary murder? Is there anyone here who can't see it?"

—As I was saying this, the friend at my side who had invited me to the Club, nudged me, whispering: "You see the gentleman below, with the gray hair and moustache? You know who he his? No? It's General Chase."

A hush fell upon the diners. I looked at General Chase, head of the Colorado Militia, the man who drowned the Ludlow strike in the blood of the mothers and children: I looked him square in the eye, expecting an outburst. A commonplace looking old fellow, florid face, rather coarse, his eye not unkindly—might pass for a prosperous green grocer. "He is a successful oculist," the man on my side was saying. "And you let him walk the streets with impunity," I wondered.

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The General smiled in a sickly manner, threw his napkin on the table, and stalked out of the room.

* * *

At a luncheon at the home of Judge Ben Lindsay, I met Mother Jones. An unique woman, a strong personality and effective agitator. I could not agree with some of her views, and I told her that her attitude toward Rockefeller, Jr. was unbecoming—to say the least—in her, the life-long uncompromising mouthpiece of rebellious labor.

Ben Lindsay is the most un-judge-like judge on the bench in this country. He is *sui generis*. In the sessions of his juvenile court I found an atmosphere quite strange to the usual "hall of justice." It was warm, human; his attitude toward the young boys was that of an older brother rather than of a judge.

Is there any wonder that the beast-in-the-jungle—the big interests—is doing its best to discredit and villify Lindsay. And, strange as it may seem to our would be woman suffrage ladies and gentlemen, it's the enfranchised women of Colorado that are trying to scalp Judge Lindsay. They are about to remove him from the bench by legislating his court out of existence. Back of this plan is as vile and dark a conspiracy as had ever germinated in the head of a Medici. The judge is to be assassinated politically and socially, by poisoning the minds of the people against him. Subtle hints, insinuations, incriminations are being secretly and persistently circulated by his enemies reflecting on the Judge's character and morals. An insiduous, invisible foe attacking in the dark —and the chief tool in this dirty game is a proved briber, an emancipated, enfranchised woman, Dr. Mary Bates, of the hatchet faced type that is so strikingly common in Kansas, Colorado and other equal suffrage States.

Woman suffrage has proved a delusion and a snare. The woman politician is as big a corruptionist—aye, in many cases even a bigger one—as the male of the species; and the woman voter is as eager to sell her vote as her male protagonist. Whatever of educational value there once was in the movement for woman suffrage has long since been swamped in the narrow, bigoted and reactionary spirit of the female politician.

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I have a joke on my beloved Margaret Sanger that is too good to be lost to the world. In the April issue of MOTHER EARTH Margaret complains that the editor and publisher of the magazine did not give her case sufficient publicity. But she expresses her "thanks to Comrade Breckenridge for his article" in the November number of MOTHER EARTH.

Dear Margaret, I hate to betray the great secret, but you force me to. "Comrade Breckenridge" is none other than myself—one of my *noms de plume*.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

P. S.—During the next three weeks I can be reached at General Delivery, San Francisco, Cal.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN IN LOS ANGELES

BERKMAN has been here. This I say to the world, but my heart sings: I have known Sasha, I'm a bandit's daughter. *They* took my father away from me when I was seventeen and he was forty-four. They kept him seventeen years. I could not visit him often, the prison was far—I loved him, suffered for him, but what hurt most was the hideous, clumsy gray striped clothes and the smell of iodoform that clung to him.

Others may think of Sasha in the dungeon—his mental suffering, but I could always *see* the hideous clumsy clothes and *smell* iodoform. So when E. G. wrote—"Berkman is coming to Los Angeles," I expected to do all in my power for him, not for any "cause," or what he had to give the world, or what he had to give me, but because of the prison.

I have heard all his lectures and no one has ever stimulated my brain as he has. He nearly always says the unexpected; I mean he handles his subject from a different angle than one thought he would, and even in his talk on "Is Violence Justified in the Labor Struggle," which I liked best, he never once appealed to the emotions.

He gives you something that you can take away.

I feel that my brain has grown more in the last two weeks than in the previous two years. It might be that he is the type of Anarchist I admire—a similarity of

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view. I would think this, had it not been for his lecture "Homo-Sexuality and Sex Life in Prison."

I've read Ellis and a few others along these lines, but had remained a narrow-minded prude, classing all Homosexualists as degenerates. Now I have the clearer vision. That lecture should become a classic.

Berkman has been accused of catering to the so-called educated. He instinctively gives you credit for having common sense, and therein is the effectiveness of his work.

Some people may be spurred to a better effort by being made to feel like a damn fool.—In the main we are all children and when a man like Berkman implies, "I know you already think this, I simply wish to make the subject a little clearer," you are pleased all the way down to your toes.

Herein is the value of the work of Alexander Berkman. Not intentionally, but instinctively he is using the most subtle form of flattery in the world. I heard some one say "He gets at you from your blind side." Well, maybe he does, but when he is through with you, you'll be able to see from both sides.

"BILLIE" MCCULLOUGH.

* * *

WALTER LOAN

By J. M.

CHARACTERS.

WALTER LOAN—Anarchist and defendant. Brave, frank, refined, uncompromising.

JUDGE B.—Rednosed, bulging eyes, behind spectacles, bald. Cynical sneer, chewing tobacco and spitting incessantly.

JURY OF 12 MEN, good and true—Mason, Oddfellow, Knight of Malta, Presbyterian, deacon, Jew, one-eyed man, Sunday school superintendent. Nondescripts and commonplace.

LAWYERS—Defense and prosecution.

SCENE—Courtroom, crowded with Anarchists, I. W. W., respectables, character witnesses, loiterers, policemen.

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JUDGE (*charging Jury*): Felonious shooting, with intent to kill; felonious wounding with intent to kill; unlawful wounding. Two felonies, and one misdemeanor against one and the same policeman. *Prosecution examines witnesses, defense cross examines. Defense examines, prosecution cross examines. Walter Loan does not swear, he affirms. He is asked, "Is not the Lyceum a meeting place for Anarchists?" Objected to, objection sustained. Arguments by Counsel. "You must find him not guilty," pleads the counsel for defense. "You must find him guilty," insists the prosecuting attorney. JUDGE, charging. Language, correct and judicial. Tone, and attitude, importunate, demanding conviction. Jury retires, out two hours. No verdict. Next morning, all expectant, hopeful, doubtful. Jury enters, "We find him guilty of unlawful wounding and recommend him to the extreme mercy of the court." Officers of the Law, court attendants exercise high prerogatives, and exclude all from courtroom, except relatives. Mrs. Loan weeps, but WALTER is calm, unterrified, and not unhappy.*

IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE COURT HOUSE: *Friends of defendant;* "How did it go? What is it? . . . That's a shame. What in hell can you expect from a court?" *Interminable discussions. Criticisms of everything and everybody. WALTER alone undisturbed and not excited.* JUDGE (*sentencing*): You are to undergo imprisonment in solitary confinement in the Western State Penitentiary for not less than one and not more than three years. You have been associated with a crowd in Wilkinsburg, noted for their lawlessness and disorder; a crowd who are a menace to society. *Amazement, stupefaction, anger and disgust on the faces of all.*

WALTER (*unmoved, reiterating*): I am not guilty!

ONE OF JURORS (*the deacon to me*): Why should an Anarchist and atheist be acquitted, go unpunished, when we, the upholders and supporters of the dignity and honor of the State and Church have an opportunity, a rare opportunity, to punish?

Walter Loan, the Anarchist, does not bow reverently before the Prince of Death. He asks no mercy. He will live, suffer, work and go hungry to be himself.

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"The people with whom you associate are a menace to society," said the judge. Society, the painted courtesan—overfed, hypocritical smug, propertied society. Indeed thou art a menace to her ease and sloth, her property and security, Walter! Policemen have been shot before, and have, strange to relate, shot others, and yet the culprits hardly merited that exalted phrase, "menace to society." No, your crime was not the wounding of the policeman, but a shot at the rotten, filthy, parasitic, blood-drenched, enslaved society.

"Extreme mercy of the law." Thrice merciful. Walter Loan has been taken to the Western Penitentiary to learn their lessons of mercy. The masters hope he will come out repentant, docile and broken. Penitentiary hell can hardly be worse than Westinghouse unemployment, declared Walter.

Life's poignant bitterness. One year's separation, at least, and his courage, frankness, hope, and imaginative personality hidden behind gray stone walls. There is something sublime about such heroism. He does not complain, nor does he beg, for pitiful mercy. He desired none. He received none.

Walter Loan did not shoot the policeman. He is an Anarchist.

SCHNECTADY SOCIALISM

By W. S. VAN VALKENBURGH

WHEN in June, 1912, Walter Lippmann wrote a critical review of the new Socialist administration in Schenectady, in which he pointed out how the game of politics was played from the beginning and concluded with the remarks: "Reform under fire of radicalism is an educative thing; reform pretending to be radicalism is deadening," he said more than he calculated.

Such observations, premature tho they were at the time, have been demonstrated as the true prophesies of a close student by subsequent events.

Not only has the wave of reform which swept Old Dorp four years ago proved deadening, but it has hopelessly split the Socialist Party into two rival cliques

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neither one of which will scruple, nor has scrupled at any means to gain an advantage over the other.

Now Schenectady is heralded as "the town that lights and hauls the world." In it there is perhaps concentrated more genius and more specialists per capita than in any other given spot in the world, and yet its capacity for the reception of something new seems limited to about three hundred. Not that three hundred represent all that is worth while in Schenectady—far from it—but that figure seems to include about the maximum of those imbued with real liberalism together with those willing enough to cast off old prejudices for a sufficient length of time to listen to something worth hearing by one who knows how to tell it.

On February 24 Emma Goldman spoke in Schenectady on "Why the Socialists of Germany Betrayed Their Cause to the Kaiser." The audience was mainly composed of socialists and her treatment of the subject was so fair, so critical and so indicting that much favorable comment went the rounds of those who heard her. And how could it be otherwise when time after time E. G. would quote what has now gone into history of the betrayal of the International for a mess of political pottage from the organs of the socialists themselves?

The second lecture on "The Misconceptions of Free Love" brought out an even larger audience than the first. Though on the whole the results may not appear reassuring in quantity they are surely compensated in quality as a large amount of literature was sold and many intelligent questions asked. And that is the true measure of mental worth. For any number of persons will listen to a speaker out of curiosity, if nothing else, but it takes more than idle interest to prompt one to buy a book; moreover to buy a book means to read it, all of which stimulates thought and this is good.

The third, and final, lecture was on "The Birth Strike." As on the former occasions this subject was treated with the same masterful style and eloquence that marked the preceding lectures. It is needless to say that E. G. handled her topic without conventional gloves, so necessary to prudery. If any man or woman who heard "The Birth Strike" that night ever bring more victims into the world than they can provide for it is

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because they want to and not because they do not know how to prevent it. The attendance was rather disappointing, due no doubt to the impossibility of the newspaper advertising, and it takes an eloquent speaker, indeed, to arouse the enthusiasm of a row of empty benches.

When the first two lectures were held Dr. Lunn was absent from Schenectady and his paper accepted two paid advertisements. Before the third lecture took place he returned. The result was that the *Citizen* not only refused to make any announcement but it even refused to place a paid ad. This was done at the dictation of Lunn himself.

A combination of circumstances, no doubt, had much to do with Lunn's action. First, the local *Gazette* (the Democratic mouthpiece) in reporting one of the meetings asserted that Emma Goldman spoke under the auspices of the Socialist party. Nothing could have been further from the truth, of course. To offset that wilful lie the *Citizen* circulated another one by asserting that she came to Schenectady to combat the Socialist movement—to combat what does not exist in Schenectady—and intimated that it would have been more truthful to say that the Democrats were responsible for her presence. For once the *Citizen* spoke of these meetings without getting paid for it—thanks to the *Gazette*.. Another quite likely reason for the sudden aloofness on the part of Pope Lunn was the proposition offered him to debate Emma Goldman. When first approached on the subject he said he would think it over. After three days of meditation he decided that no good could come out of such a debate, moreover that debates settle nothing and leave the people still confused.

Now just to show the hypocrisy of Lunn I will cite two instances. About four years ago, before the people of Schenectady discovered what a fakir they had in their midst, Lunn pulled off a series of debates in Albany, Schenectady, and Amsterdam, with a politician by the name of Jay Forrest, of Albany. If debates never clear anything why was the same subject debated with the same man three times to crowded houses at twenty-five cents admission? As if it refute himself, another reason given by the oily parson why he could not accept E. G.'s invi-

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tation, was that he was preparing to debate a Catholic in Brooklyn. If debates never clear anything why debate a subject wherein the church is bound to be brought in —unless Lunn will take the position that Socialism is not opposed to the Church as he has in the past? Lunn knows better than this. I have it down in black and white over his own signature that the Church is the stumbling block of all progress, and he can't deny it.

There was a time when I believed Dr. Lunn was a sincere man. Now I know he is an unscrupulous charlatan. As an editor he is so broadminded that he could jump through the eye of a needle without touching the sides. As a politician he can operate the steam roller with the dexterity of Elihu Root. As a Socialist he is impossible. He is to the communist manifesto what Paine was to the Bible, with apologies to Paine. If he believes in a free-press, as he says he does, it is in the other fellow's paper, not his own. It would be a treat to hear him wax warm in his verbosity if he could only be induced to take as his theme some Sunday night, "Why I preach one thing and practice another."

So much for the rookie of "Grape Juice" Bryan. But why should he be blamed? Why should anyone be tempted with authority and then be damned for exercising it?

Given a toy the child will play with it.

Given power the man will use it, for men are but grown up children.

So long as men insist upon placing power over which they can wield no influence within the reach of other men they should not complain when its abuse reacts upon themselves.

Schenectady is not entirely barren soil. On the contrary, it is possessed of much fertility. It has only had an overdose of anesthetic, and when it awakens from its present political stupor it will discover that its slumber was the result of too much Socialist politics and too little social conscience—a necessary discovery—but speed the day of resurrection.

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ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

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INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST MANIFESTO ON THE WAR

EUROPE in a blaze, twelve million men engaged in the most frightful butchery that history has ever recorded; millions of women and children in tears; the economic, intellectual, and moral life of seven great peoples brutally suspended, and the menace becoming every day more pregnant with new military complications —such is, for seven months, the painful, agonizing, and hateful spectacle presented by the civilized world.

But a spectacle not unexpected—at least, by the Anarchists, since for them there never has been nor is there any doubt—the terrible events of to-day strengthen this conviction—that war is permanently fostered by the present social system. Armed conflict, restricted or widespread, colonial or European, is the natural consequence and the inevitable and fatal outcome of a society that is founded on the exploitation of the workers, rests on the savage struggle of the classes, and compels Labor to submit to the domination of a minority of parasites who hold both political and economic power.

The war was inevitable. Wherever it originated, it had to come. It is not in vain that for half a century there has been a feverish preparation of the most formidable armaments, and a ceaseless increase in the budgets of death. It is not by constantly improving the weapons of war, and by concentrating the mind and the will of all upon the better organization of the military machine that people work for peace.

Therefore, it is foolish and childish, after having multiplied the causes and occasions of conflict, to seek to fix the responsibility on this or that government. No possible distinction can be drawn between offensive and defensive wars. In the present conflict, the governments of Berlin and Vienna have sought to justify themselves by documents not less authentic than those of the governments of Paris and Petrograd. Each does its very best to produce the most indisputable and the most decisive documents in order to establish its good faith and to present itself as the immaculate defender of right and liberty, and the champion of civilization.

Civilization? Who, then, represents it just now? Is

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it the German State, with its formidable militarism, and so powerful that it has stifled every disposition to revolt? It is the Russian State, to whom the knout, the gibbet, and Siberia are the sole means of persuasion? Is it the French State, with its *Biribi*, its bloody conquests in Tonkin, Madagascar, Morocco, and its compulsory enlistment of black troops? France, that detains in its prisons, for years, comrades guilty only of having written and spoken against war? Is it the English State, which exploits, divides, and oppresses the populations of its immense colonial Empire?

No; none of the belligerents is entitled to invoke the name of civilization, or to declare itself in a state of legitimate defense.

The truth is, that the cause of wars, of that which at present stains with blood the plains of Europe, as of all wars that have preceded it, rests solely in the existence of the State, which is the political form of privilege.

The State has arisen out of military force, it has developed through the use of military force, and it is still on military force that it must logically rest in order to maintain its omnipotence. Whatever the form it may assume, the State is nothing but organized oppression for the advantage of a privileged minority. The present conflict illustrates this in the most striking manner. All forms of the State are engaged in the present war; absolutism with Russia, absolutism softened by Parliamentary institutions with Germany, the State ruling over peoples of quite different races with Austria, a democratic constitutional régime with England, and a democratic Republican régime with France.

The misfortune of the peoples, who were deeply attached to peace, is that, in order to avoid war, they placed their confidence in the State with its intriguing diplomatists, in democracy, and in political parties (not excluding those in opposition, like Parliamentary Socialism). This confidence has been deliberately betrayed, and continues to be so, when governments, with the aid of the whole of their press, persuade their respective peoples that this war is a war of liberation,

We are resolutely against all wars between peoples, and in neutral countries, like Italy, where the governments seek to throw fresh peoples into the fiery furnace

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of war, our comrades have been, are, and ever will be most energetically opposed to war,

The role of the Anarchists in the present tragedy, whatever may be the place or the situation in which they find themselves, is to continue to proclaim that there is but one war of liberation: that which in all countries is waged by the oppressed against the oppressors, by the exploited against the exploiters. Our part is to summon the slaves to revolt against their masters.

Anarchist action and propaganda should assiduously and perseveringly aim at weakening and dissolving the various States, at cultivating the spirit of revolt, and arousing discontent in peoples and armies.

To all the soldiers of all countries, who believe they are fighting for justice and liberty, we have to declare that their heroism and their valor will but serve to perpetuate hatred, tyranny, and misery.

To the workers in factory and mine it is necessary to recall that the rifles they now have in their hands have been used against them in the days of strike and of revolt, and that later on they will be again used against them in order to compel them to undergo and endure capitalist exploitation.

To the workers on farm and field it is necessary to show that after the war they will be obliged once more to bend beneath the yoke and to continue to cultivate the lands of their lords and to feed the rich.

To all the outcasts, that they should not part with their arms until they have settled accounts with their oppressors, until they have taken land and factory and workshop for themselves.

To mothers, wives, and daughters, the victims of increased misery and privation, let us show who are the ones really responsible for their sorrows and for the massacre of their fathers, sons, and husbands.

We must take advantage of all the movements of revolt, of all the discontent, in order to foment insurrection, and to organize the revolution to which we look to put an end all social wrongs.

No despondency, even before a calamity like the present war. It is in periods thus troubled, in which many thousands of men heroically give their lives for an idea, that we must show these men the generosity, greatness, and

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beauty of the Anarchist ideal: Social justice realized through the free organization of producers; war and militarism done away with forever; and complete freedom won, by the abolition of the State and its organs of destruction.

Signed by—Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Berkman, L.Bertoni, L. Bersani, G. Bernard, G. Barrett, A. Bernardo, E. Boudot, A. Calzitta, Joseph J. Cohen, Henry Combes, Nestor Ciele van Diepen, F. W. Dunn, Ch. Frigerio, Emma Goldman, V. Garcia, Hippolyte Havel, T. H. Keell, Harry Kelly, J. Lemaire, E. Malatesta, H. Marques, F. Domela Nieuwenhuis, Noel Panavich, E. Recchioni, G. Rijnders, I. Rochtchine, A. Savioli, A. Schapiro, William Shatoff, V. J. C. Schermerhorn, C. Trombetti, P. Vallina, G. Vignati, Lillian G. Woolf, S. Yanowsky.

This manifesto is published by the International Anarchist movement, and will be printed in several languages and issued in leaflet form.

London, 1915.

OUR AGITATION IN AND ABOUT NEW YORK

THE unusual interest in my lectures in New York City this winter would lead one to adhere to the old saying that "one old friend is better than two new ones." New York is indeed my oldest friend and like all true friends she has caused me as much joy as sorrow; she has brought me as many hopes, as disappointments; she is old, but ever new.

It is wellnigh a quarter of a century since I first stepped on a public platform in this city. Since then I have lectured every winter, both in English and Yiddish, always drawing large audiences. This is the more remarkable because of the large number of meetings that take place in New York always. This year the war alone was treated by numerous speakers from every platform, rostrum and pulpit in every part of the city. Yet my eight war lectures brought out large crowds in all sorts of New York winter weather. And those on various phases of sex, ten in all, were tremendously attended.

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Six hundred people jammed our hall to listen to a discussion of Free Love. The lecture on "Limitation of Offspring" attracted as many and was the most exciting and inspiring of them all. Perhaps no other event so demonstrated the stupidity and inconsistency of the Comstock outfit. William Sanger, arrested for giving his wife's pamphlet to one man, yet on Sunday, March 28th, a large audience, including a dozen Comstock detectives, listened to a discourse on methods of prevention, which in point of frankness had never been tried from any public platform.

Was the truth so terrifying that the detectives did not dare proceed, or was it because like automatons they act only according to orders? Whatever the reason, Comstock stands exposed as a miserable coward, who proceeds only against people, afraid of the law and public opinion, or against those, whom he thinks obscure. Perhaps he has discovered that by the persecution of the Sangers, he has stepped into a hornet's nest. That may explain his timidity as regards E. G. My own belief is that energetic and defiant proclamation in behalf of contracepts would put St. Anthony and his regime out of commission very soon.

An interesting event of another nature was the debate with Isaac Hourwich on "Social Revolution versus Social Reform." It was attended by nearly 2,000 people and netted the Ferrer School for whom the debate was arranged, $250.

Mr. Hourwich was terribly disappointing to those who knew him in his revolutionary prime. His arguments were flat, because unlike the ordinary politician, Isaac Hourwich is not in the reform game for personal reasons, neither is his lost faith in the revolution sufficient incentive to make reform appear worth while. Without one or the other, what argument can one make, hence the failure of Mr. Hourwich.

The meetings outside of New York,—Albany, Schenectady, Boston, Lynn and Paterson, were also very gratifying, mainly because in all of these cities there is a new spirit among the comrades. Malmed, Mandell, Swire, Van Valkenburgh and the others against all odds are doing a splendid work in the city of graft. The comrades, Greenwald, Rome, Weis and several others are doing their share in Lynn and Boston. But the most

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energetic efforts have been made by our friends of *L'Era Nuova* of Paterson, which demonstrated that the combination of Church, Press and money can not check the spread of our ideas.

The meeting on the "Failure of Christianity," attended by a huge crowd and the spontaneous enthusiasm proved that while Brother Billy may beguile the foolish, the workers of Paterson have gotten on to him as the tool of the mill owners, therefore will have none of his salvation.

It was indeed a wonderful winter, not the least contributing factor to make it so was the fire and zeal of Ben Reitman and Anna Baron. Two more ardent workers never devoted themselves to the task of the daily routine in our office, and all that is connected with it. Anna remains in charge, while the two restless spirits are again setting out in quest of new exploits. Our comrades and friends, who have been so helpful, can continue if they will renew their subscriptions and order books, all of which will be attended to promptly.

But New York will always charm us and always lure us back.

* * *

When MOTHER EARTH reaches our readers, we will have finished with Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., and Pittsburgh. In Cleveland, we will be at the Pythian Temple, May 5th, 6th and 7th; in Chicago, at the Fine Arts Assembly Room, May 9th—16th; in Minneapolis, Federation Hall, May 23d and 24th; St. Paul, May 25th and 26th; in Denver, at Marble Hall, May 30th—June 3d; in Los Angeles, at Burbank Hall, beginning June 6th, for three weeks.

Mail will reach until May 8th through our office, after that care of Little Review, 917 Fine Arts Building, Chicago, Ill.

E. G.

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ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

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THE CASE OF JOE HILL

JOE HILL, rebel, author of many of the songs in the little red song book; revolutionist from lower California, who was convicted of the murder of ex-Policeman Morrison in Salt Lake City, will have a hearing for a new trial in the early part of May. Though there was no evidence against him he was convicted, because the Copper Trust—a part of the Mormon Church—desired to get even for Joe Hill's work in the Tucker Strike, where the company lost thousands of dollars. His trial was conducted under the supervision of the Copper Trust gunmen, the notorious Axel Steele being the chief "investigator" for the prosecution.

Witnesses undesirable to the prosecution left town so that they could not be found by the defense.

Before his trial in court, Joe had been convicted by the newspapers, the point always kept in sight being that he is an I. W. W. and an Anarchist. Judge Hilton of Denver has been engaged to conduct the hearing before the Supreme Court.

All rebels should write to the Supreme Court of the State of Utah, and the Governor, demanding a new trial.

For Joe Hill defense committee of San Francisco.

E. W. VANDERLIETH.

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DEATH OF F. TARRIDA DEL MARMOL

THE death of our comrade on Monday, March 15, came as a shock to most of us. He was suddenly taken ill during the night, at his residence at Higham's Park, Chingford, and died shortly after 3 o'clock in the morning, owing to the bursting of a blood-vessel on the brain. His funeral took place at Lewisham Cemetery on Saturday, the 20th, a number of comrades and friends following the hearse from the Crofton Park Station to the graveside, where a few sympathetic words to his memory were spoken by Mr. Heaford, Paul Campbell (I.L.P.), Malatesta, and Mme. Sorgue.

At the age of fifty-four, when he was in the prime of his intellectual force, and much could be expected from him, our comrade Tarrida del Marmol died a sudden death. All his friends are still dumbfounded by the sad

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news. In every country the progressive workers will feel the loss suffered by the cause of human emancipation.

Tarrida has a glorious page in the history of the Anarchist movement in Spain. He was one of the most efficacious propagandists of our ideal in that country, which has given to our movement so many valorous champions. In 1896 the Spanish Government took advantage of the explosion of a bomb, on which there has not yet been thrown complete light, and put him in the terrible prison of Montjuich. But when they were obliged to let him out, Tarrida went to France ,and, with a notable book on "The Inquisition in Spain" and his eloquent speeches, made Europe shudder at the atrocities committed by the Spanish authorities against innocent and helpless prisoners.

Later on, Tarrida, urged by the desire to utilize all the self-styled progressive forces, leaned toward Democracy and Liberalism. But, no matter; everybody knew that he was moved by the best intentions, and that one could always count on him when his work was wanted for the good cause. I, personally, perhaps never happened to agree with him—and we were all the same the best of friends. One could quarrel with him, but could not help to love him, because he was above all a loving and lovable man. And in saying so, I mean to pay him the greatest tribute that can be paid to a man.

E. MALATESTA, in London *Freedom*.

APPEAL FOR THE WIDOW AND CHILDREN OF THE LATE PROF. TARRIDA DEL MARMOL

THE death of Prof. Fernando Tarrida Del Marmol deprives many causes of a generous partisan, science of a devoted worker, his friends of a loving heart, and humanity of one of the worthiest of her children.

His life was one of abnegation, an example for all. Born of a wealthy family, and gifted from the very beginning with a powerful intellect, he might, had he chosen, have aspired to a lofty position in society, and to a material well-being which would have rendered this appeal unnecessary. But his great characteristic was his sensibility to the sufferings of others. To relieve those sufferings he devoted his life. The humble, above all, had in him a stalwart champion.

We appeal now to the believers in the many causes that he befriended, and to those friends who knew and loved him, to

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show their appreciation by doing something for the widow and the children he has left behind him. We cannot render back this devoted husband and loving father, but we can do something to show that his life's work has been appreciated by those who knew and loved him.

(Signed) WILLIAM ARCHER.
P. CAMPBELL.
W. HEAFORD.
A. LYNCH.
J. MCCABE.
J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.
E. MALATESTA.
SORGUE.
G. H. B. WARD.

Correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary of Marmol Committee, 92 Selwyn avenue, Highams Park, London, N. E. Checks should be made payable to Marmol Fund. Mr. William Archer, of 27 Fitzroy square, London, W., and Mr. J. N. Viola, of 15 Wilbury road, Hove, Brighton, are acting as Joint Treasurers. Letters may be sent also to MOTHER EARTH.

AN APPEAL FROM ENGLAND

DEAR COMRADES:

I am about to publish, by advanced subscription, a book on war, dealing specially with the relation of the working class movement in Europe and America, to the agitation and development of war. It will be the first book to come to direct economic grips with the subject, and will prove a striking plea for Revolution and Anarchy. The advanced subscription is 36 cents, and the title of the book is "At Grips With War!" I might mention that the work will be illustrated specially by *The Spur* cartoonist, Kirtikos.

Just now revolutionary propaganda is having a stormy passage. If any of your readers are interested in the work of the Bakunin Press, we would invite their assistance. In return for $1 we will send two dollars' worth of literature, including this book, different issues of *The Spur* and *The Herald of Revolt*, many pamphlets, etc. Unless we can rally help, our paper must be suspended.

Trusting to your solidarity,

GUY A. ALDRED.

17 Richmond Gardens, Shepherds Bush, London W., England.

COLLECTED FOR SANGER'S DEFENCE

Jan.	25	Collection at E. G. Eng. meeting.....	$24.20
Mch.	12	Collected by E. G. at Albany.....	8.00
	21	James Roman, Ladd, Ill., contribution.....	.50
Apr.	8	J. Chamelin, Scranton, Pa., contribution.....	1.00
			$33.70
		Turned over to Leonard D. Abbott.....	$33.70

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COLLECTED FOR ITALIAN BOY'S DEFENSE

Mch.	8	Collected at E. G. meeting	$14.15
	18	Collected at Commune meeting	16.34
	29	Collected at Jewish E. G. meeting	11.00
	30	James Hallbeck, Winchester Hotel, San Francisco, Cal., contribution	10.00
Apr.	8	Collection at Goldman-Hourwich Debate	41.40
	8	Collection by E. G. in Albany	10.00
	13	Alice A. Chown, Toronto, Can., contribution	2.00
			$104.89
		Disbursements	85.00
			$19.89
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